



# The Carpet from Bagdad

by HAROLD MAC GRATH  
Author of HEARTS AND MASKS  
The MAN ON THE BOX etc.  
Illustrations by M. G. KETNER  
COPYRIGHT 1911 BY BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY



"Well, I've Got a Rug Up in My Room I'd Like to Show You."

### SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Oriental Rug Company of New York, thirsting for romance, is in Cairo on a business trip. Horace Ryanne arrives at the hotel in Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)  
George's romance gathered itself for a flight. Perhaps it was love thwarted and the gentleman with the mustache and imperial, in spite of his amiability, might be the ogre. Perhaps it was love and duty. Perhaps her lover had gone down to sea. Perhaps (for lovers are known to do such things) he had run away with the other girl. If that was the case, George did not think highly of that tentative gentleman's taste. Perhaps and perhaps again; but George might have gone on perhaps till the crack of doom, with never a solitary glimmer of the true state of the girl's mind. Whenever he saw an unknown man or woman who attracted his attention, he never could resist the impulse to invent a romance that might apply.

Immediately after dessert the two rose, and George, finding that nothing more important than a business trip detained him, got up and followed Mr. Ryanne almost trod on his heels as they went through the doorway into the cosy lounge-room. George dropped into a vacant divan and waited for his cafe a la Turque. Mr. Ryanne walked over to the head-porter's bureau and asked if that gentleman would be so kind as to point out Mr. George P. A. Jones, if he were anywhere in sight. He thoughtfully, not a bit regretfully, laid down a small bribe.

"Mr. Jones?" The porter knew Mr. Jones very well. He was generous, and treated the servants as though they were really human beings. Mr. Ryanne, either by his inquiry or as the result of his bribe, went up several degrees in the porter's estimation. "Mr. Jones is over there, on the divan by the door."  
"Thanks."  
But Ryanne did not then seek the young man. He studied the quarry from a diplomatic distance. No; there was nothing to indicate that George Percival Algernon Jones was in any way handicapped by his Arthurian middle names.

"No fool, as Gloucester in her infinite wisdom hath said; but romantic, terribly romantic, yes, like the timid bather who puts a foot into the water, finds it cold, and withdraws it. It will all depend upon whether he is a real collector or merely a buyer of rugs. Forward, then, Horace; a sovereign has already dashed headlong down the far horizon." The curse of speaking his thoughts aloud did not lie heavily upon him tonight, for these cogitations were made in silence, unmarked by any facial expression. He proceeded across the room and sat down beside George. "I beg your pardon," he began, "but are you not Mr. Jones?"  
"Mildly astonished," George signified that he was.  
"George P. A. Jones?"  
George nodded again, but with some heat in his cheeks. "Yes. What is it?" The girl had just finished her coffee and was going away. Hang this fellow! What did he want at this moment?  
If Ryanne saw that he was too much, as the French say, he also perceived the cause. The desire to shake George till his teeth rattled was instantly overcome. She hadn't seen him, and for this he was grateful. "You are interested in rugs? I mean old ones, rare ones, rugs that are bought once and seldom if ever sold again."  
"Why, yes. That's my business." George had no silly ideas about trade. He had never posed as a gentleman's son in the sense that it meant idle-

"No. I'll tell you more about it when we get to my room."  
"Come on, then." George was now quite willing to discuss rugs and carpets.

Having gained the room, Ryanne threw off his coat and relighted his cigar, which, in a saving mood, he had allowed to go out. He motioned George to be seated.  
"Just a little yarn before I show you the rug. See these cuffs?"  
"Yes."  
"You will observe that I have had to reverse them. Note this collar? Same thing. Trousers-hems a bit frayed, coat shiny at the elbows," Ryanne exhibited his sole fortune. "Four sovereigns between me and a jail."  
George became thoughtful. He was generous and kind-hearted among those he knew intimately or slightly, but he had the instinctive reserve of the seasoned traveler in cases like this. He waited.

"The truth is, I'm all but done for. And if I fall to strike a bargain here with you. . . . Well, I should hate to tell you the result. Our consul would have to furnish me passage home. Were you ever up against it to the extent of reversing your cuffs and turning your collars? You don't know what life is, then."  
George gravely produced two good cigars and offered one to his host. There was an absence of sound, broken presently by the cheerful crackle of matches; two billowing clouds of smoke floated outward and upward. Ryanne sighed. Here was a cigar one could not purchase in all the length and breadth of the Orient, a Pedro Marlas. In one of his doubtfully prosperous epochs he had smoked them daily. How long ago had that been?

"Yonder is a rug, a prayer-rug, as holy to the Moslem as the idol's eye is to the Hindu, as the Bible is to the Christian. For hundreds of years it never saw the outside of the Sultan's palace. One day the late, the recently late, Abdul the Unspeakable Turk, gave it to the Pasha of Bagdad. Whenever this rug makes its appearance in Holy Mecca, it is worshiped, and none but a Sultan or a Sultan's favorite may kneel upon it. Bagdad, the hundred mosques, the old capital of Suleiman the Great, the dreary Tigris and the sluggish Euphrates, a muezzin from the turret calls to prayer, and all that; eh?"  
George leaned forward from his chair, a gentle terror in his heart. "The Yhiordees? By Jove! is that the Yhiordees?"  
Admiration knibbled in Ryanne's eyes. To have hit the bull's-eye with so free and quick an aim was ample proof that Percival Algernon had not boasted when he said that he knew something about rugs.

"You've guessed it."  
"How did you come by it?" George demanded excitedly.  
"Why do you ask that?"  
"Man, ten-thousand pounds could not purchase that rug, that bit of carpet. Collectors from every port have been after it in vain. And you mean to tell me that it lies there, wrapped in butcher's paper?"  
"Right-O!"  
Ryanne solemnly detached a cuff and rolled up his sleeve. The bare muscular arm was scarred by two long, ugly knife-wounds, scarcely healed. Next he drew up a trousers-leg, disclosing a battered shin. "And there's another on my shoulder-blade, the closest call I ever had. A man who takes his life in his hands as I have done, merits some reward. Mr. Jones, I'll be frank with you. I am a kind of derelict. Since I was a boy, I have hated the humdrum of offices, of shops. I wanted to be my own man, to go and come as I pleased. To do this and live meant precarious exploits. This rug represents one of them. I am telling you the family secret; I am showing you the skeleton in the closet, confidentially. I stole that rug; and when I say that the seven labors of our old friend Hercules were simple diversions compared, you'll recognize the difficulties I had to overcome. You know something of the Oriental mind. I handled the job alone. I may not be out of the jungle yet."

George listened entranced. He could readily construct the scenes through which this adventurer had gone; the watchful nights, the untrusting patience, the thirst, the hunger, the heat. And yet, he could hardly believe. He was a trifle skeptical. Many a rogue had made the mistake of playing George's age against his experience. He had made some serious blunders in the early stages of the business, however; and everybody, to gain something in the end, must lose something at the start.  
"If that rug is the one I have in mind, you certainly have stolen it. And if it's a copy, I'll tell you quickly enough."  
"That's fair. And that's why," Ryanne declared, "I wanted you to look at it. To me, considering what I have gone through to get it, to me it is the genuine carpet. To your expert eyes it may be only a fine copy. I know this much, that rare rugs and paintings have many copies, and that some one is being looked, sold, bamboozled, and bagged, every day in the week. If this is the real article, I want you to take it off my hands, the adventurer finished pleasantly.  
"There will be a hue and cry."  
"No doubt of it."  
"And the devil's own job to get it

### CHAPTER IV.

An Old Acquaintance.  
That faculty which decides on the lawfulness of our actions; so the noted physiologist described conscience. It fell to another distinguished intellect to add that conscience makes cowards of us all. As she may be overcome at times, sidetracked for any special desire that demands a clear way; but she's after us, fast enough, with that battered red lantern of hers, which, brought down from all tongues crisply into our own, reads—"Don't do it!" She herself is not wholly without cunning. She rarely stands boldly upon the track to flag us as we come. She realizes that she might be permanently ditched. No; it is far safer to run after us and catch us than to let us go. George was transported mentally to that magic city, standing between the Tigris and the Euphrates, in all its white glory of a

### Poor as a Church Mouse

Since Confetti Came Into Use, the Saying Has More Meaning Than at Former Times.  
The sexton of a fashionable New York church was sweeping into a large mound the bright purple, red and yellow discs of confetti which littered the church entrance and steps.  
"This month," he said, "I have had already 35 weddings in my church. And at every one of these weddings paper confetti was thrown at the bride instead of rice."  
"The confetti fashion is very welcome to us sextons. When rice was used our churches were overrun with mice. The saying, 'As poor as a church mouse,' was then meaningless. Why, in my church, where weddings are so popular, several hundreds of mice—fat chaps they were, too—found an ample food supply in the rice that was sprinkled over the brides."  
"Now that rice has been abandoned for paper confetti, these mice have all disappeared. They were starved out. They couldn't live on

thousand years gone. Ryanne, the room and its furnishings, all had vanished, all save the exquisite fabric patterned out of wool and cotton and knitted with that mingling love and skill and patience the world knows no more. He let his hand stray over it. How many knees had pressed its thick yet pliant substance? How many strange scenes had it mutely witnessed, scenes of beauty, of terror? It shone under the light like the hide of a healthy hound.

The nerves of a smoker are generally made apparent by the rapidity of his exhalations. These two, in the several minutes, had filled the room with a thick, blue haze; and through this the elder man eyed the younger. The sign of the wolf gleamed in his eyes, but without animosity, modified as it was by the half-friendly, half-cynical smile.  
"I'll risk it," said George finally, having stepped off the magical carpet, as it were. "I can't give you a thousand pounds tonight. I can give you three hundred, and the balance tomorrow, between ten and eleven, at Cook's."  
"That will be agreeable to me."  
George passed over all the available cash he had, rolled up the treasure and tucked it under his arm. "That something in the world was a true believer, walling and beating his breast and calling down from Allah curses upon the gnat, the dog of an infidel, who had done this thing, disturbed George not in the least.

"I say," as he opened the door, "you must tell me all about the adventure. It must have been a thriller."  
"It was," replied Ryanne. "The story will keep. Later, if you care to hear it."  
"Of course," added George, moved by a discretionary thought, "this action is just between you and me."  
"You may lay odds on that," heartily. "Well, good night. See you at Cook's in the morning."  
A digression, perhaps, but more pertinent an application.  
"Temptation then no longer at his shoulder, George began to have

Among these qualms there was none that pleaded for the desolate Turk or his minions whose carelessness had made the theft possible. For all George cared, the Moslem might grind his forehead in the soulless sand and make the air palpitate with his plaints to Allah. No. The disturbance was due to the fact that never before had he been wittingly the purchaser of stolen goods. He never tried to gloss over the subtle distinction between knowing and suspecting; and if he had been variously suspicious in regard to certain past bargains, conscience had found no sizeable wedge for her demurrers. The Yhiordees was confessedly stolen.  
He paused, with his hand upon the doorknob of his room. If he didn't keep the rug, it would fall into the hands of a collector less scrupulous. To return it to the Pasha at Bagdad would be pure folly, and thankless. It was one of the most beautiful weavings in existence. It was as priceless in its way as any Raphael in the Vatican. And he desired its possession intensely. Why not? Insidious phrases! Was it not better that the world should see and learn what a wonderful craft the making of a rare rug had been, than to allow it to return to the sordid chamber of a harem, to inevitable ruin? As Ryanne said, what the deuce was a fanatical Turk or Arab to him?  
Against these specious arguments in favor of becoming the adventurer's abettor and accomplice, there was first the possible stain of blood. The man agreed that he had come away from Bagdad in doubt. George did not like the thought of blood. Still, he had collected a hundred emeralds, not one of which was without its red record. Again, if he carried the rug home with his other purchases, he could pull it through the customs only by lying, which was as distasteful to his mind as being a receiver of stolen goods.  
He had already paid a roodly sum against the purchase; and it was not likely that a man who was down to reversing his collars and cuffs would



It Was the Yhiordees.

qualms, little chaps, who started buzzing into his moral ears with all that maddening, interminable drone which makes one marvel however do school-teachers survive their first terms.

take back the rug and refund the money. The Yhiordees was his, happen what might. So conscience snuffed out her red lantern and retired.  
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

prevention of the liberty on which the government is founded.

Odd Case of Friendship.  
At the present time a most unusual case of affection between a domesticated and a comparatively wild animal is to be witnessed at the Little English hamlet of Spoonley, near Market Drayton. On the farm of Mr. William Woodburn for a week or two past, a small rook, somewhat vicious terrier from the farmstead has been noticed gambolling in the fields with a large well-developed hare. Such an attachment is most uncommon.

Happens Sometimes.  
"Get off and let's go to the ball game."  
"I got off the other day. Can't repeat so soon."  
"Then we'll go to the theater tonight."  
"Can't go that either. The office plays a double-header and we work tonight."

Ingenious Alarm Clock.  
A French jeweler has brought out an electric alarm clock that will ring a bell or perform other services one or more times a day at a set hour every day or only on designated days.

Baking Made Almost Automatic.  
Science has done many wonderful things in the way of lightening kitchen-work, but possibly the most welcome of its many achievements is the preparation of a baking powder that makes baking almost automatic.  
This wonderful baking powder is known as Calumet Baking Powder.  
As you perhaps know from your own experience—baking is largely a matter of luck. If your baking powder happens to be just right, your baking will be good. But if it varies in quality or its strength, as so many baking powders do, your bakings are more than likely to be ruined.  
Calumet Baking Powder puts a stop to the dependence on "luck." With it all quickly-raised foods can be made without the slightest trouble—made pure and wholesome and tasty. For Calumet itself is pure in the can and in the baking—and so uniform in quality, so carefully prepared, that failures are impossible. You can judge of its purity, too, when you know that it has been given the highest awards at two World's Pure Food Expositions—one at Chicago in 1907 and the other at Paris, France, last March. Adv.

Frenzied Arithmetic.  
Three-year-old Amy, who has a very lively little brother, was being put through a lesson in arithmetic by her uncle. She had successfully added one and one, but stuck at two and one.  
"Your mamma," said her uncle, "has two children. If she had one more, what would that make?"  
"Two," cried Amy. "That would make my mamma crazy!"—Woman's Home Companion.

She Believed Him.  
She—Do you love me more than ever, dear?  
He—Oh, yes, more than never, darling.  
A brave man is always ready to "face the music"—provided it isn't that old tune from "Lohengrin."

## ALBERTA

THE PRICE OF BEEF

IS HIGH AND SO IS THE PRICE OF WHEAT

For years the Province of Alberta, Western Canada, has been the Big Hatching Country. Many of these ranches, big as the prairie, are in the hands of men who have given place to the cultivation of wheat, oats, barley and flax. The change has made many thousands of acres available for stock raising, woolly, but it has increased the value of the land. There is splendid opportunity now to get a

**Free Homestead**

of 160 acres (and another as a pre-emption) in the power districts and produce either cattle or grain. The crops are always good, the climate is healthy, the churches and schools are convenient, markets are everywhere. For full particulars, apply to the nearest office of the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, Canada.

## HIDES TANNED

For Cost and Robes. When you lose a horse or butcher a beef, save the hide and get a beautiful coat of robe made for you. Write for catalogue, and no doubt there is some one at your place who will refer you to us, where you can see a sample of our work.

**COWNIE TANNING CO.**  
511 Market Street Des Moines, Iowa

## PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. High on references. Best results.

## Sioux City Directory

"Hub of the Northwest"

Bank by Mail with **Mid-West Bank**  
Sioux City, Ia. "That Always Treats You Right." Superior Service—Safe Safety—Liberal Interest

FOR BEST SERVICE SHIP  
**RICE BROTHERS**  
Live Stock Commission Merchants at  
**SIoux CITY, Chicago or Kansas City**

**Pool & Billiard Tables**  
Iceless Football  
E. H. Jenkinson Co., 421-423 Pearl St., Sioux City, Ia.

IOWA PHONE 2443 AUTO PHONE 4478  
**CRAIGHEAD & CO.**  
LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
STOCK YARDS, SIoux CITY, IOWA  
Ask for one of our 100 catalogues

**NEW MARTIN HOTEL**  
Now Open for Business. 250 Rooms. Absolutely Fireproof. Rates \$1 and Up.

**INGWERSEN BROS.**  
Live Stock Commission Merchants  
Room 209 Exchange Building  
Sioux City Stock Yards Sioux City, Iowa

You Get Value Received When You Buy  
**TRILBY SOAP**  
The kind with the YELLOW BAND  
Sold by all grocers, the bands are valuable

**WALTER BROS.**  
Live Stock Commission Merchants  
Correspondence by Mail or Wire Answered Promptly

**SIoux CITY IOWA**

**Palmer's**  
DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES  
CANDIES FOR ALL TABLES  
SUGAR FREE  
SIoux CITY, IOWA

FOR BEST RESULTS SHIPTO  
**Hudson & Greenameyer**  
Live Stock Commission Merchants  
SIoux CITY IOWA

**Soot Destroyer**  
Burns all soot by chemical action, and makes boilers, furnaces, stoves and pipes as clean as new. If your dealer doesn't keep it write to Johnson Compound & Chemical Co. 318 3rd Street Sioux City, Iowa

LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MERCHANTS  
**BALDWIN, KITSELMAN & TIMMEL**  
Sioux City Stock Yards, Iowa